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THE

Ancient Honour

OF THE

Famous CITY *of* LONDON.

Reſtored and Recovered by the Noble

Sir Iohn Robinſon

Knight & Baronet.

LORD MAIOR for this Year 1663.

IN

The truly *Engliſh* and Manly *Exerciſes*

OF

Wreſtling, *Archery*, and *Sword* & *Dagger*;

WITH

The SPEECHES of Mr. *William Smee*, (Maſter of the GAME *pro hac vice*, and Clerk of the Market) Upon this Solemn Occaſion.

LONDON, Printed for *R. L.* 1663.

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THE
ANCIENT HONOUR
OF THE
Famous CITY *of* LONDON.
Reſtored, &c.

IT were moſt unjuſt Ingratitude and ſtupid Senſleſsneſſe, if not unnatural neglect of this noble City to which we owe our ſelves, if upon ſo eminent an advantage of doing it Honour, any Native thereof ſhould unconcern himſelf; eſpecially ſince the Happineſſe of theſe Times hath ſo particulary and directly intended and deſigned its Glory: Among the many inſtances whereof, there is none ſo pregnant and great a proof as the Reſtauration of thoſe manly *Engliſh* Exerciſes of *Wreſtling*, *Archery*, and *Sword and Dagger*, revived by the pious Care and Wiſdome of Sir *John Robinſon*, a Gentleman as deſervedly happy in his Princes Favour, as for this moſt commendable Action highly obliging the Kingdoms moſt grateful Reſpects and Acknowledgements.

It had been intermitted and diſuſed for theſe 24. years laſt paſt, ever ſince Alderman *Garroway*'s Majoralty, and like the other Appurtenances and Reliques of good Government, was wholly lay'd aſide and

forgotten: for theſe Exerciſes ſhewed us to be *Engliſhmen*, and our ſelves, from which the late unnatural War was to transform us. Beſides it was a Recreation and Delight of the late bleſſed Martyr our Soveraign King *Charles*; and could expect to fare no better then his friends, and to ſuffer the like Fate of his renowned Government. And this ſtands for the Reaſon of this Pamphlet, which might have deſerved a more laboured Diſcourſe.

Monday being St. *Partholomew*'s day *Aug.* 24. The Maſter of the Game, ſo ſtyled upon this occaſion, in obedience to his Lordſhips Commands, attended the Aldermen at their reſpective Houſes in the Morning, being richly clad in a Sute of Cloth of Silver, the ground Green Silk, and accommodated according to Cuſtome, with one of His Majeſties Horſes and Royal Furniture, and two of His Grooms, with two Footmen of his own and the City Trumpets, who ſounded Him on Horſeback through the Streets to my Lord Maior's Manſion-honſe in *Mincing-Lane*.

The ſame Order was obſerved on *Tueſday*, when the Feat of Archery was ſhown, aud therefore to keep within compaſſe of this Sheet, I ſhall not repeat the manner thereof again. After Mr. *Smee*'s Arrival at my Lords, and the ſerving of the laſt Courſe, with his Trumpets ſounding before him, He entred the Hall, aud having made his obeyſances thrice, once upon every circumambulation. He kneeled down upon a Cuſhion neer my Lord's Chair, and made this Speech.

The

The Speech of Mr. William Smee *Maſter of the Game*, pro hac vice, *and Clark of* Cheapſide-*Market. On* Munday *St* Bartholomew's *Day* Aug. 24.

My Noble Lord,

AT your Lordſhips Command I have waited with your Honourable *Invitation* on my right Worthy and Generous Maſters the *Aldermen*, your Brethren, who with great *Satisfaction* have *entertained* it, and will cheerfully wait on your Lordſhip at your Appointment. My Lord, I may be confident the ſame is the *concurrent ſenſe* of the *City* and and the whole *Kingdom*, who having to admiration beheld your othet Laudable and Celebrated Actions towards the late bleſſed *Reſtitution*; do reverence and applaud this your *prudence* to *poſterity*, and *Piety* to our *Anceſtors*: And it ſhall be ſaid to your *particular Glory*, and the *Honour* of your Government, that you have reduced and reſtored this Noble Cuſtome: your Lordſhip is now going to ſee the famous Exerciſe of *Wreſtling*; a Skil now appropriate to the *Engliſh* Nation. May all the *Falls* and *Foyles* that are given, be ſo many fixt Erections and Eſtabliſhments of your Fame and Honour.

After

After this Speech his Lordship arose, and with the Aldermen mounted, and with the same Trumpets and Order marched to *Finsbury-Fields*, behind the *Windmills*, where a stately Stand was erected for his Lordship, and his noble Company, and the Wrestling (though in a great Tumult and Concourse of people, which testified the universal liking and Affection of the City) was thus begun, but often interrupted. The order of the Game was thus,

North. Mr. *Wills.* *West.* Mr. *Baldwin* thrown.
North. Mr. *Sad* thrown. *West.* Mr. *Hester alias Hawks.*
North. Mr. *Lads* foyl'd, yet unhandsomly demanded a Coney and Money, the reward of the Victor, as a Chick the recompence of the Worsted.
North. The Lady *Kilmorry's* Coathman *West* an Ostler, foyl'd.
North. Mr. *Dudley.* *West.* *Ralph the Pewterer* foyl'd.

But this being done in such a Confusion, my Lord, who loves the Sport, gave Order for a Stage the next day to be made and guarded for a Decision of the difference, and then these partyes *Wrestled.* First Mr. *Benson* and Mr. *Bolls*, both *North* for want of *West* Gamesters.

North. Mr. *Sad*, who would make no play.
West. Mr. *Hester* alias *Hawkes.*
North. A Country Gamester and good player, thrown.
West. Mr. *James Davis.*
North. *Ben.* the Dyer, thrown.
West. Little *Giles* the Silk-stocking weaver.

Next day *Tuesday* the 25. Instant, my Lord was in the same manner attended by Mr. *Smee* (a person who demeaned himself worthy of the place) in the same Equipage and Company as before; and about 3. in the After-noon, came to the former stand, and was waited on there, by the Gentlemen of the *Artillery* led by Sir *George Smith* to honour his Lordships presence in the Feilds.

Mr. *Smees* Speech was then as followeth.

The

The Speech of Mr. VVilliam Smee *Maſter of the Game*, pro hac vice, *and Clark of* Cheapſide-*Market.* on Tueſday Aug. 25.

My Noble Lord,

IN a dutiful purſuance of your Lordſhips Commands I have *addreſt* your Honourable *Invitation* to my Right Worthy and Munificent Maſters the Aldermen your Brethren, who with all readineſſe and *acknowlepgements* of your Lordſhips *generous ſentiments* for the *Publique*, and this *City* in particular, have imbraced it, and will not fail to partake again with your Lordſhip, in the *glories* of ſuch an *Heroick Action*. My Lord, the *Bow* and *Arrow*, the Exerciſe whereof you will preſently Honour with your view, are all the remaining *Trophies* of onr *French Conqueſts*, and the beſt *Evidences* of our *Engliſh Valour*, and are ſuch authentique Teſtimonies thereof, as need not the *aid* of their *Reſerve*, the more unſerviceable *PEN*; How much therefore your Lordſhip hath *Conſulted* the Nations Honour in reviving this *Military Exerciſe*, ſo much have you *Contributed* to your own *Renown*, which may not need likewiſe any other *Hiſtory*. Let it be writ henceforth upon every *Arrow*, once as upon my Lord *Talbot's* Sword, *I am my Lord Mayors the noble Sir* John Robinſon's *to recover and vindicate the Reputation and Rights of my Country*. May the *Archers* take Aim by your Lorpſhips *unerring Integrity*, *Loyalty*, and *Honour*; and they will be ſure to *hit* the *Mark*.

The

The *Archers* Nameswere as follow.

For the Pound Arrow.

Mr. *Girlington*,	Beſt.
Capt. *Taylour*,	Second.
Mr. *Wheatly*,	Third.

The Reward was, the *Beſt* a *Mark*; the *Second Ten Shillings*; the *Third* a *Noble*.

For the Broad Arrow.

Capt. *Taylour*,	Beſt.
Mr. *Girlington*,	Second.
Mr, *Wheatly*,	Third.

The Reward was, the *Beſt Ten Shillings*; the *Second Eight Shillings*; the *Third* a *Crown*.

For the Flight.

Mr. *Girlington*,	Beſt.
Mr. *Tyrer*,	Second.
Mr. *Briſcoe*,	Third.

The Reward the ſame with the laſt

The utmoſt Flight was *Two and twenty ſcore*, all the *Arrows* that were ſhot being fetcht by the ſaid Mr. *Smee*, and adjudged acording to his report, as by Cuſtome.

After the *Archers* had ended this Exerciſe, the *Wreſtling* as before is related began again, and to them ſucceeded the *Sword* and *Dagger* Players upon the ſame Stage.

North. Mr. *Henchman.* *Weſt.* a Seaman whoſe name was not known, *Worſted.*

North. *Darby Bell*, worſted. *Weſt.* An old Stout Fellow unknown alſo.

And therewith his Lordſhip Commanded the Trumpets to ſound and the Maſter of the Game to march away, being at his departure ſaluted with a Volley from the ſaid Gentlemen of the *Artillery*, and the Applauſes of the numerous Spectators.

FINIS,

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